

Drive-Through Dronification

A Sheepdrone TF fic by Lus Rangifer (aka Eaglehooves)

“Um... Could I get a number eight combo? With a cola for the drink please.”

“Anything else I can get for you? Would you like to try a slice of our new cakes?”

“Eh... no thanks.”

“That will be eight dollars and thirty one cents. Please pull forward.”

Patrick flicked the switch to send the window up, then reached down without looking and grabbed the shifter, putting the car into drive. He let his foot off the brake, allowing the station wagon to creep forward in the drive-through lane, before almost immediately putting his foot back down on the brake. He sat there, staring forward at the bumper of the sport-utility vehicle in front of him for a moment, before deciding some music would help the wait go faster.

He hit the button on the radio, filling the car with the unpleasant hiss of static. He'd been listening to podcasts for the last two hours before running out just as he pulled off the expressway for a late dinner, which meant he now had to figure out what was good on the local airwaves. He clicked the dial through the frequencies one at a time. Pop? Nope. Classic rock? Nah. Country? Oh goodness no.

“Huh...” He stopped as the sound of some kind of electric club music filled the vehicle, his hand gradually falling away from the radio. He was looking for something new and different, and this certainly qualified.

Patrick put his hand back on the steering wheel, using the volume button under his thumb to turn it up a few notches. He'd had a long day before starting the trip and had been dragging, but there was something about the thumping beat the song had that was giving him a second wind. He shifted the car into park and leaned back, soaking it in.

The car ahead of him was taking forever, but he couldn't find himself bothered by it as the song thumped on. He could feel the beat washing through him, massaging his sore muscles. As he focused on the music he could hear other sounds now, what sounded like soft squeaking and hissing in the background, and... the bleat of a sheep? It was unusual, but in a strange way it worked.

As Patrick searched the background of the music for more subtle sounds he could feel a tightness starting to form in the crotch of his jeans, pulsing in time with the music. He shifted in his seat, trying to relieve the growing pinch, before reaching down to adjust himself. He swore

his package was larger, and grumbled to himself as nothing seemed to help. He looked out the windows at the dark, empty parking lot, before slipping the button on top of his jeans free.

He breathed a momentary sigh of relief as a thick rubber cock forced his zipper down, the molded black shape springing out and standing at attention, throbbing in time with the beat. Quickly, his mind lit up with questions. Where did that come from? Was that his? How was this possible? Why did it feel so *good*?

Seeing motion in front of him broke his haze, as the SUV ahead lurched forward to the window. Without thinking he reached over and shifted into drive, following along behind. Whatever this was, he didn't want to call attention to it. Just act normal so that no one comes to look, and sort it out later. When it was his turn at the window, he could grab a jacket out of the backseat and put it over the cock and the puddle of thick, dark fluid it had leaked all over his-

He reached down and brushed at the black goo that was lazily sliding down the side of his rubber cock and starting to cover the front of his jeans, frantically attempting to scrape it off. Rather than remove it, however, each pass only seemed to smear the viscous liquid rubber around more while the puddle on his lap continued to grow, the rubber rod throbbing and oozing in time with the beat. Within moments his legs were covered down to the knee where, with gravity now helping, he could feel it trickling down his calves. He was too distracted to do anything about that though, by the blob that had stuck to his hand. It was thick and tacky, and had stuck his fingers together into two clumps. He stared at his goopy hand for a moment, the two digit arrangement feeling... surprisingly natural?

Patrick shook the thought out of his head as he reached for a storage compartment with his off hand and located some leftover napkins. He experimentally wiped at his other hand with them, attempting to push the goo back down without touching it directly this time, only to find the cheap paper quickly soaked through by the aggressive rubber. He quickly dropped the damp napkin in shock, which landed on his rubber-covered thigh. Which he felt land not on his pants or on a covering, but on the *skin* of his thigh. He looked down, seeing the black splotch quickly sinking into what looked like a puffy pair of white rubber shorts, expanding down his legs and slowly creeping up his belly. He gave it a concerned poke with his already thoroughly covered hand, confirming with a soft squeak that the new development was apparently a part of him... as well as squishy and sensitive.

"Aaaah..." As he let out a soft moan in response to the feeling of the two glossy surfaces sliding against each other he caught sight of his other hand, realizing that he hadn't dropped the napkin quick enough. Black goo was creeping down his hand, sticking his fingers together into two thick digits. Frustrated and running out of ideas on how to fight the changes, he raised his hand to his forehead and closed his eyes, trying to focus on something else to try.

If you like it, don't fight it. You'll be done in just a bit. If you like it, don't fight it. You'll be done in just a bit.

Before a new idea for resisting could coalesce, the lyrics from the radio pushed it out of his head. He'd been operating on shock, the idea that this wasn't something that was supposed to happen so it had to be bad, but... was it? He let out a "Hmmm" in thought as he pondered it, feeling the goo from his off-hand start to wet his hair and creep down into his eyes, but he paid it no mind.

"Doesn't feel baaaaa- baaad at all" He bleated to himself as he rubbed his hand on the inside of his rubber thigh, before scooping up a blob of rubber from the puddle he was sitting in and smearing it to his chest. He kept going as the goo on his forehead flowed down into his eyes, tossing a blob into his hair that rolled down his head, muffling his hearing, before continuing to cover his chest and arms at a redoubled pace. Everything felt so *good*, and he wanted to have as much progress as possible to inspect when his sight returned.

Before he knew it his vision was back, just in time to catch the sight of the SUV ahead slowly pulling forward. He looked down at his body, fully covered now in puffy white rubber down to his elbows and knees, except for his massive, glossy black cock, which stood proudly at attention. Beyond the puffy white rubber, his limbs turned to tight, sleek black rubber, ending in... hooves? He flexed his two digits experimentally, finding them stiff but still somewhat independent given enough effort, before wrapping his still messy hoof around the gearshift. Unconcerned about his new appearance he felt for the brake, pausing for a moment to take in that he could feel through the treaded surface of his hoof-boot. The sensation of the treads of his boot... no, the treads of his *foot* against the textured surface of the pedal was strange. His body simultaneously felt like he was heavily suited and naked, in heavy boots and going barefoot. And he loved it. Unconcerned by his appearance, he shifted into gear and pulled up to the window.

"An eight-incher with a side of polishing cloths, and a canister of cola flavored drone gas!" The sheepdrone inside the window exclaimed excitedly, her voice coming not from the molded lips of her mask-like face, but instead from a speaker in the shape of a bell on her collar. He reached out, clumsily collecting the sack that she was holding between the cleft of a rubber hoof on an arm exactly like his own.

"Thank ya- ya- ewe, ma'am- Mmm- Mmmph!" As soon as he got the thanks out he could feel the goo sealing over his lips and it stretched out his face, pulling out into a rubber muzzle of his own. He let out some incoherent mumbles from the round attachment port on the side of his new muzzle, before a startled huff of embarrassment as a hose flopped free from one side, smacking against his chest with a rubber thud.

"Lube packets and cleanup rags are in the bag!" The drone notified him, his ears swiveling towards her instinctually to better listen. "Anything else you need?"

He stared over the drone's shoulder, at a radio sitting up above a latex-splattered machine that looked like it might have originally been for making milkshakes, bringing his attention to the music that was playing both in the kitchen and in the car, and the chorus of the latest song playing over the synthesized sounds.

Whatever combination of holes, nulge, and cock, all drones are welcome in the flock. Whatever combination of holes, nulge, and cock, all drones are welcome in the flock.

Patrick shook his head and mumbled a muffled “no” to the cheerful service drone, the thumping of the song starting to stir something inside of his new body. He quickly grabbed the rubber shifter, squeezing the now more hoof-sized button and shifting into gear, navigating out of the drive through and into a parking space.

As soon as the car came to a stop he tipped the bag out onto the passenger sheet, surveying its contents. Under the promised packets of lube and the paper-wrapped cloth was the promised main course; eight inches of delicious, tapered ebony-rubber sheep dildo. He tore open one of the hoof-friendly tabs and slathered it with lube, before reclining the seat and slouching down, his tail squeaking as it dragged against the rubber upholstery as he got in position.

The feeling of something unexpected caused him to pause as he lifted his heavy rubber balls out of the way, somehow still feeling so very full despite painting his body and seat. Behind them was a zipper. He fumbled with it curiously, struggling for a moment, before catching it in the cleft of his hoof and tugging it open. He spasmed in pleasure as his hoof-tip explored the sensitive pocket, stretching it an inch into his body, then two. He huffed from his breathing ports as he paused, slowly withdrawing. Patrick knew what he had to do.

With one hoof he grabbed the dangling breathing hose, pushing it down on the canister in the cup holder. Instantly he could feel a wave of energy wash through him, as sweet, cola-flavored, pressurized gas flowed into him. With the other he aligned the dildo to his new discovery, thrusting it in as the sudden jolt of energy hit.

He huffed sharply as the toy easily sank halfway into his soft, pliable rubber crotch, sucking in more of the invigorating gas. He pulled it back slightly, then thrust again, letting out a muffled moan through his molded muzzle as he felt his body stretch further. As the gas replenished the energy spent converting himself he picked up the pace, the thrusts getting faster and deeper.

The weight of his throbbing cock wobbling back and forth as he worked brought his attention back to his own rubber shaft, and how desperate it was to be touched. He wrapped a hoof around it, stroking it up and down, staring at it as it slowly got... smoother? He moved his hoof towards the tip, feeling it deform under his touch. He worked up and down over the end of his cock, squeezing and stretching until he no longer felt a mushroom shaped head, just a smooth, ovine rod.

At the same time that he finished reshaping his cock he felt the dildo bottom out inside of his pussy, and his whole body exploded into an overwhelming orgasm. He squirmed in the seat to a chorus of squeaks as his new ewe-hood squeezed down on the thick imitation ram, instinctually trying to milk it as his cock spewed glob after glob of white rubber seed onto his chest. He'd always been a bit curious, but he never expected... He felt his mind melting into goo under the

intensity of his first dual orgasm, likely literally based on the sloshing feeling inside of his head, and stopped trying to think of anything but the pleasure. He pulled the hoof away from his new pussy and rubbed it over his cum-spattered chest as the flow tapered off, pushing the goo onto his chest, feeling the weight of it as it clung to his rubber skin. He'd kinda wondered what having breasts was like too, and-

His train of thought turned to goo again as his balls churned once more, an even larger load of rubber following the one from only moments ago, spattering against his chest. At least a gallon of viscous rubber drone-spunk splattered against his chest before he let go, his other hoof joining the first in pooling the goo up on his chest while his cock continued to shoot up into the air, covering what around him hadn't already been rubberized.

He rubbed his hooves over his breasts as the goo firmed up, merging with the rest of his soft, squishy rubber "wool". Shi let out a contented huff as shi ran hir hooves down her glossy sensitive skin. Shi reached under hir balls, starting to tug on the toy inside of hir before pausing. Why couldn't shi wear it around? Shi grabbed at the zipper instead, moaning from the breathing port on hir molded muzzle as shi zipped hir pussy shut with the toy inside.

With a cacophony of squeaks and squelching shi sat back upright, looking around the parking lot. Two spaces over a sedan sat parted, with a drone sitting inside sucking his own massive cock... or well, he had been. Upon further inspection shi could see that the end of his shaft had seamlessly fused to the end of his muzzle, the two pieces now one and the same. Hir own cock throbbed with excitement and just a tinge of jealousy as shi watched a bulge move up his shaft and into his muzzle, the perfect, permanent seal preventing him from wasting a drop.

To hir other side, three spaces over, shi turned to see two drones in the back of a hatchback, cuddling each other's still gooey bodies. Shi watched as they nuzzled each other affectionately, their hoses becoming tangled into a knot before suddenly pulling free, the hoses now connecting their muzzles to each other. Shi watched as the two attempted to cuddle closer, their gooey bodies deforming into each other as the rubber started to set up, the mass solidifying into a single body that connected both heads. They stopped momentarily as the left head seemingly realized and looked down, then the right, before both returning to their affectionate nuzzling with a new enthusiasm.

As shi thought about the different forms of drones with hir in the parking lot, suddenly a deluge of sensations poured into her. Videos, audio, and raw sensory data of dozens of transforming and finished sheepdrones of all sorts of body types and genders filled her head... Hir body going limp as terabytes of rubber ovine debauchery filled hir chassis' data banks, both of hir sexes aching for attention shi was too overwhelmed to provide.

It felt like longer, but within moments the upload was complete, and a voice that wasn't her own spoke inside hir head.

Datasheep P, this is Shepherdess Mary. There's a friend of mine and an ally of the flock who would love to see what we've been up to, but she's beyond my signal. Please deliver this to her.

Datasheep P nodded to himself, knowing the Shepherdess ewe could sense her acknowledgment, and pressed the large, hoof-shaped start button on the dash. As the engine fired up shi wiped the goo off the center console, revealing a screen with a render of a sheepdrone in a chauffeur uniform. Shi nodded at the console, the animation nodding back as the shifter moved itself into reverse and the wheel spun on its own, the wagon rolling itself out of the parking space and heading back towards the highway.

It was disappointing that shi couldn't see more of the town and what hir fellow sheepdrones had done with the place before being back on the road, but according to the chauffeur-drone they had several hours until they reached their destination. Plenty of time to familiarize himself with the flock's earlier work, and with hir new body~